

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

22 WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS AND H'G, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS: CULI² WITH CARE."

10. 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1811.

1154

NORVAL AND JULIA.

A Scottish Tale.

[Continued]

Shortly after I closed my eyes, and sank into
 sleep; how long I remained in this blessed
 vision of thought I know not; on awaking,
 I found myself stretched on a wretched pallet,
 and Julia sweetly sleeping by my side, un-
 conscious of her mother's misery; a glimmering
 light shone on a table at some little dis-
 tance, suddenly shewed me my new habita-
 tion, I found by the provisions and a written
 note, that I and my child were doomed to live
 on the wretched remains of our existence
 in every way. I threw myself on my
 knees, and humbly thanked the Almighty for
 reprieving me my child as a com-
 fort in my affliction. I soon received a vi-
 sit from Lord Malcomb, when, as an addition to my
 grief, he told me that he had been told and re-
 fused the hateful Edmund. He then pro-
 posed reasons for us, and left me in a swoon.
 He took he visits us for this purpose; but
 still he is about to make war with any neigh-
 bouring clan, or going a journey, he generally
 departs for a month. The nearest calcula-
 tion I have been able to make, by noting down
 the post of a penknife on the table ex-
 cept Lord Malcomb, is, that I have been ex-
 tending since this gloomy cavern upwards
 of three years. A short time since I prevailed on
 him to have a few books, from them I
 instructed my Julia in the rudiments of
 orthography in the best of my poor abilities. I
 luckily endeavoured to teach her ward her
 name, in face of his offending daughter, in hopes,
 though I should greatly suffer by the loss, he
 would take her to his home, and not permit her
 name to be blotted in this desolate place, but
 my mother had been unfortunate. Also I
 studied to my amuse; and in order to
 preserve hope, informed me, that during the
 progress of our faculties, occasioned by the
 loss he had administered, my attendants had
 been told to take a last view of their departed
 beloved infant; after which woe lay state,
 and the bodies were buried in the convent of St.
 Francis with all the magnificence due to our
 rank; and in consequence of my suppo-
 sed death, I had lost my beloved parents, who
 were broken by the dreadful intelligence.
 Thus the amiable Lady Malcomb finished her
 story, which was plentifully watered
 by the tears of her sympathising auditors.

The soul of Norval was filled with pity at the relation of her misfortunes, but love predominated; when he gazed on the beautiful Julia and reflected on her hapless situation, bitter anguish seized his soul; but what were his agonizing emotions, when and recollection presented to his view his own forlorn and desolate state, contrasting him in the impossibility of placing her, even present, in the condition to which, by her parents' and high birth she was entitled. Rising from his seat, and throwing himself at the feet of Lady Macomber, he addressed her in the fol-

"I will be to me the happy instrument of your
 atch; let me alleviate your misfortunes by re-
 ceiving you both from this dreary, dismal abode:
 though at present a wanderer, I have yet hopes
 from the exertions of my friends, to be speedily
 re-established in my possessions; I love, I adore
 your beautiful daughter; if she can return me
 affection, and you consent, every future hour of
 my life shall be dedicated to her happiness; put
 then your trust in me, and the eternal vengeance
 of the Almighty fall upon me if ever I deceive
 you." Lady Malcolm having regarded him
 some time, her countenance expressive of as-
 tonishment and admiration, at length replied, "Your
 generous offer demands all my gratitude, and I
 accept it with thankfulness and joy." Norval
 stood not to hear the conclusion; but transported
 flew to the feet of Julia. "Oh! (exclaimed
 he) love-lost, best of women, can you return my
 pure and ardent affection; can you consent to
 make me happy?" "Rise sir," returned Julia,
 "what the force of sensibility trembled in her eye,
 and the sweet effusion of modesty overspread
 her face and cheek, 'I shall ever be my study
 to make the reminder of my dear mother's life-
 pass in tranquility; I happiness, I fear, she never
 can experience; if, by fulfilling her affectionate
 wishes on my account, I can give her one mo-
 ment's satisfaction, be assured I shall consent
 with pleasure.'" Not being far advanced,
 Norval prepared for his departure. They both
 attended him with a light, and in a very short
 time discovered the door. Norval took up the
 torch, which had served him in place of a torch,
 lighted it, and quickly finding the spring, opened
 the tremendous door, whose sudden shutting
 had caused so much perturbation, yet was pro-
 ductive of so much delight. He pointed out to
 the ladies the main cause by which he had de-
 scended, mentioning, at the same time, the
 groans he had heard. The elder lady said they
 undoubtedly proceeded from her, as she often
 vented her grief. Wishing each other a
 calm night's repose, they separated. Norval
 now returned to his solitary cell, blessed with
 a greater portion of happiness than he had for
 some time experienced; but not without pre-
 viously obtaining Lady Malcolm's consent to
 his fetching them early the next morning to
 view once again the blessed light of Heaven
 and breathe the pure air. He slept not, but
 spent the night in anxiously watching for the
 day. No sooner was light perceptible than he
 flew and conducted all that was dear to him to
 that part of the cavern he inhabited. Lady
 Malcolm, though it was the inner chamber,
 complained much of the cold; and it required
 a deal of persuasion to induce her to creep after
 her children through the small aperture to the
 outer cave, where they had just assisted her to
 rise, and were supporting her to the mouth of
 the cavern, when the light and air, though the
 former was but trifling, proved too much for her
 feeble frame, and she fainted; having bathed
 her temples with a little sea water, she recover-
 ed, and resting her on a stone in the hollow,
 they walked out upon the beach. Julia, with
 innocent freedom, linked her arm within Nor-

val's, and ere they had rose many paces stopped; she scarce seemed to breathe, but stood fixed to the spot with wonder and admiration: her eyes now turned on the world of waters, now on the wide expanse of Heaven, in which many stars were still visible; the sun was rising, and arrested the sky with gold and scarlet; it appeared to emerge from the depth of the sea, gradually enlightening the hemisphere. What a beautifully sublime scene! how a fully impressive on a young and ductile mind! Her mind indeed be the heart that could resist such an Aurora, but our heroism was infinitely susceptible. Secluded in infancy, to that moment, from natural light, she had to been able to form any ideas of its beauties. Her mother had often explained her daughter's deprivation of the sun; but Ju is could not mourn with her; she thought, indeed, it would be pleasing to have a very large lamp instead of her little one, but thought no more of her world then, are inadequate to paint, in just colours, her wonder on beholding the glorious luminary of the world. They now joined Lady Malcomb, who had beheld the scene with inexpressible delight, and slowly returned to her usual home alone, fearful of discovery, as the day increased. Normal, by permission, sent it with them in improving conversation, and quitted at a spot with regret.

he should introduce himself to the vassals of Norval, when suddenly his meditations were interrupted by one, who, in mild and gentle accents, asked his business: he raised his heavy eyes to the speaker, and beheld, with indelible emotions of joy, his much loved noble friend Randolph. He instantly disengaged himself, to the infinite surprise and pleasure of his friend, who long had thought him numbered with the dead. The first effusions of delight over, and mutual congratulations having passed, Randolph conducted his friend to his apartment in the castle, where being seated, the Baron informed him of Norval's existence and present place of concealment, likewise the reason which had induced him to take so long and hazardous a journey to the castle. Randolph was transported when he heard that Norval yet lived, and promised to sound the inclinations of the soldiery that very day, and give him an account of his success at midnight in the neighbouring forest.

To be continued.

VARIETY.

ANECDOTE.

The dialogue between Pyrrhus, King of Epirus and Ctesias his prime minister is full of instructions and sets forth the restless spirit of man: 'What, Sir do you propose in this expedition against the Romans,' says Ctesias. 'To conquer all Italy,' answers Pyrrhus. 'And what next?' says the counsellor.—'Then we will transport our forces into Sicily, and make that kingdom our own,' replies his Majesty.—'And what expedition will you go on after that?' 'Then,' adds the enterprising hero, 'we'll sail to Africa, and subdue that part of the world.' 'And what?' continues the statesman, 'remains to be done then?' 'Why then—then,' says the monarch, 'We will sit down and be merry over our bowls.' 'And what,' answers his minister, 'hinders us from doing that now?'

EXTRACTS FROM A LONDON PAPER.

A licensed Preacher has written to a friend in the Borough, who is one of the staff neck informers against the butchers and green grocers, who open their shops to accommodate the poor on Sunday mornings, and expresses himself as follows:—

'May yours work prosper, E. men. Punish'd vid out marces, erre von that sells muttin, kabeige, or nothing els on they Lords day, and they Richus will appeal you, and they offenders will turne to they Laurd, and to our Holy Tis Urnacle.'

A dispute lately taking place between an English footman and an Irish chairman, concerning the great similarity of sign boards in a certain town in Kent, wherein there are eighteen public houses, the former affirmed that he knew of no fewer than seven signs of bulls, which the other denied, and a wager was made on the subject. The Englishman then proceeded to name the houses, viz the Black Bull, the Pied Bull, the Red Bull, the Grey Bull, the Brown Bull, the Spotted Bull, and unable to think of another, the Dun Cow. 'Oh! by the powers!' cried Pat, 'and that's a Bull too.' So it is, rejoined the other, 'which makes the seventh.' Pat of course lost his bet.

A country schoolmaster asked a sailor what was the third and half of ten pence? The fellow, who was very illiterate, and consequently unacquainted with arithmetic, erred giving an answer, intimating that he did not care to give that for nothing which he had learnt at a dear rate, adding that he could not. The schoolmaster's much better question. 'What is it?' cried the former. 'Why,' replied the latter, 'if a pound of cheese costs four pence, what will a quart deal of turnips amount to?'

Whether sensibility conduces to Happiness?

Too heart can suffer a transport know,
That never felt a pain;
The pain thus seeth'd long ago,
The present question's vain!

Who'll wish to travel life's do I round,
Unmole by pain or pleasure?
'Tis reason's task to set the horse,
And keep them both in measure.

The Sinner, who with false pretence,
Each soft emotion stifles;
Thinks want of feeling moves his sense,
Yet frets and fumes at trifles.

And he who vainly boasts the heart,
Touched by each tale of woe—
Finds how to set the friendly part,
That tender heart to show.

The unfeeling heart can never know,
By cold indifference guarded,
The joy, that transport that will flow
From love and truth rewarded.

True sensibility, we find,
Shed in another's grief—
And pity yields the generous mind,
From sympathy, relief.

Yet these are ill,
Can never, never cease;
Unable to support the smart,
'Tis driven to despair.

The point discussed, we find this role,
A rule both true and good—
Who feels too little, is a fool;
Who feels too much, runs mad.

Chatterton, whose prematurity of genius has ever excited the wonder and admiration of literary men, is said to have written the following when at the age of eleven years.

Almighty Father of the skies,
O let our pure devotion rise
Like incense in thy sight!
Wrap in impenetrable shade,
The texture of our souls were made,
Till thy command gave light.

The Sun of glory gleamed the ray,
Relieved the darkness noon day,
And bid the vapours fly,
Impelled by His eternal love,
He left his palace above,
To cheer our gloomy sky.

How shall we celebrate the day
When God appeared in mortal clay,
The mark of worldly scorn—
When the Archangel's host, long lay
Attempted the Redeemer's praise,
And hail Salvation's morn

A humble form the God-head wore,
The pains of poverty he bore,
To gently pump up sinners—
The in a human walk he trod,
Still was the man Almighty God,
In glory all his own.

Despised, oppressed, the Godhead bore
The torments of this vale of tears,
Nor hid his vengeance rise—
He saw the creature he had made
Revile his power—his peace invade,
He saw with mercy's eyes.

EPICRAM.

With industry I read your praise,
With equity my censure blaze—
But faith, 'tis all in vain we do,
The world nor credits me nor you.

From the Post Office.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN.

The following is an original. It will be observed, however, that it is not the original of Dr. Franklin, and is the opinion of a disciple. It is no representation of any one thing from him, as a precious relic. It is only by others, as a curious specimen of the doctor's quality of sentiment on religious subjects.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 6, 1781.

I received your kind letter of the 21 instant, and am glad that you increase in strength; I know you will think me in sending you my ever your friend health and success. Let me know whether you will see the enclosed and what effect it has.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it could have been of more service to you. But if it had, I only think I should desire, is, that you would always be equally ready to serve any other person that may need your assistance, and let good offices guard the mankind are all of a family.

For my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels, and in my settlement, I have received much kindness from men to whom I shall never have an opportunity of doing the least direct return. And numerous men in 6-11, who is a society where being benefited by our services. The kindness from men I can, therefore, only return on their fellow men, and I can only show my gratitude for those mercies from God by a resolve to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and commendations, though repeated weekly, can discharge our obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting, as you suppose, to merit heaven by them. By Heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal duration. I can do nothing to deserve such results. If that for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should a report to be paid with a good passion would be modest in his demands compared with those who think they deserve Heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed imperfect virtues we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit. How much more such as grace a heaven. For my part, I have nothing to think I deserve it, the fully to expect it, nor the ambition to deserve it, but content myself in obliging to the will and disposal of that God who will, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose faithfulness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that eternal life comes I may at any time suffer, and I tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has, doubtless, its merit in the world, I do not desire to see it diminished, or would I could vary to less on it in any man. But I think it were more productive of good works than that generally seen in it. I mean real good works—works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit—not the keeping, sermon reading or heeding it, performing church ceremonies, or long prayers. And with the series and compliments desired even by wise men and much less capable of pleasing the deity. The worship of God is a duty, the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful, but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered, and paying its leaves though it never climbed any fruit. Yet great master thought much less of these outwardly pearls and professions than many of his match disciples. He preferred the doors of the word to the mere hearers, the son has seemingly refused to obey his father and yet performed his commands, as him that pretended his readiness, but neglected his Lord. Lord who valued the Samaritans on their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but had neglected good works, shall be rejected. He preferred he came not to call the righteous but sinners.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
 (Signed)
 J. W. L.

COURT OF APOLLO.

REFLECTIONS.

Too sun resplendent glids the morn
With mild and genial ray,
The distant hills he tips with gold,
And drives the mist away.

The warbling lark his rising greets,
And waves her downy wings—
To realms ethereal see her soar,
And soaring, hark! she sings.

But sullen clouds o'ercast the sky,
And threatening rain impends;
The sun withdraws his radiant beams,
And swift the lark descends.

As sudden as this heavy gloom,
As heavy as this shower,
Is joy by sudden grief repress'd,
And thence hangs each hour.

How oft with joy man hails the morn,
And pleasure fills his eyes,
But oft, how oft, doth evil's dark shades
Bring sorrow, tears and sighs!

Swift as the lark falls to her nest,
By raging storms dismay'd,
So such by sorrow's fatal hand
Is often doom'd to fade!

This fleeting storm an emblem is
Of all our earthly joys—
We scarcely taste the seeming good,
Ere some rude blast destroys!

RELYN.

From the Pittsfield Sun.

REFLECTIONS IN A GRAVE-YARD.

Here rest frail mortals in eternal sleep,
A long and safe retreat from ill;
The earth's a pillow in that dark shade;
These mansions silent, o'er eternal home.
They meet no shafts from earth's dejected shores,
No vile oppressors in this dreary cell.
This house for all the animated race—
Confined, but to a narrow space so small.
The busy crowd of all the careless day,
They never see, nor hear, nor know,
No tempests of the stormy clouds can mar,
Nor intercept the first hard passage there.
Mankind's e'en from in life they feel no more,
Beneath this cold eternal grave,
Where all the living soon or later lie
As fate ordains, or time shall bring appoint.
There's no return when once the die is cast.
The curtain dropped, their dreams are ever sealed;
From hence to this damp nature's fixed a gulf,
Impassable, in her eternal plan.

WRITTEN BY A LADY IN HER PRAYER.

BOOK.

Here tracing duty's path, redeem'd from care,
I feel my sorrow with the bosom of prayer,
Patient, that arms the mind for every state,
Has taught me not to feel afflictions weight.
They who can bravely bear the woes of life,
Steer safe and steady through a sea of strife—
While they who pine their bosoms feed their grief,
Endless anguish and resist relief.

LOVE AND HOPE.

None without Hope, or lov'd the brightest fair;
But love can hope where Reason would despair.

EDWARD ROCKWELL,

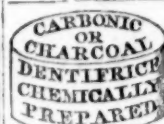
No. 200 Broadway.

Respectfully informs his friends and customers that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of fashionable gold Ear-rings some plain, fine gold and filigee some with corals and pearls, Earrings and hair pins, diamonds, with corals, topaz and pearl of the newest pattern a large assortment of pearl and plain breast pins, bangles bracelets and necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, elegant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table dessert and teaspoons sugar tongs salt spoons silver and gold boxes, thimbles, combs and belts and pencil cases.

He has also fashionable plated silver, gaudron edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and chamber candlesticks, do. snuffers and trays with silver gaudrons and shells, Eper. frames, bread baskets with silver gaudrons and shells, fruit baskets, duto cruet and six frames, cast frames with rich cut glass of 6 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gaudron shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced candlesticks and castors.

Maroon pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell, pearl and tortoise sear boxes silver, gilt, plated and steel spectacles, pens and sportsman's knives, razors and cases, scholars tooth brushes, shuttles, bolsters, books and eyes, corals, coral and amber, heart and gilt heads, table knives and forks Steel and Carver's Buttons tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and a variety of articles too copious to mention which he will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 21



JUST RECEIVED

Assortment of Nodules ultra treatment, with three Bales, two, magnum bonum and refined steel of a fine quality, gentlemen's portable shaving cases, and ladies and gentlemen's Japanese and Spanish Claymical Perfumery from London, at the Golden Rule No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty Street.

Also the following articles as usual, with many other too numerous to mention. Rose Oil. Antique for curling, glossing, thickening and preserving the hair and preventing its turning—Glycerol cosmetic wash bolts his skin cosmetic cold cream, clays and prevents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smoothing bottles Smith's improved chymical milk of roses Smith's pomade de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet soap. Smith's tooth paste warranted his superlative white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d Smith's royal paste for washing the skin Smith's highly improved hand and foot pomatum. Smith's balsamic fly salve. Hours Smith's lotion for the teeth his purified alpine shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the operation of shaving Smith's celebrated corn plaster elastic warsted and cotton. Garter, salt of lemon for taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor straps shaving boxes Penicrin's scissors tortoise shell ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c. &c. allowances to those who buy to sell again. Tooth Powder and opiate black pink tooth and cloth brushes vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender cologne honey Hungary rose Jossamin. Eau de rose and can have water shaving powder—cornst plaster, &c.

Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation

New Novels &c. for sale at this Office

Scottish Chiefs
Dominican
Fables in search of a Wife
Adeline Moulray
Bravo of Venice
Leonora
Alla Rosenburgh
Soldiers Love and Sailors Friendship
Saracen 2 vol.
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Youngs Night Thoughts, price 75 cents.

SALES AT AUCTION

BY ROBERT M. MENNOCK & Co.
No. 120 Water street.

This evening at half past 5 o'clock a valuable collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History, Tracts, Novels &c.

M. B. There will be Sales of Books every Saturday Evening, through the season, Catalogues on the day of sale.

Monday, 25th March.

At 1 o'clock in the Tontine Coffee house, 25 years of a lease from 1st May 1811, of the lot and lot at the foot of Jay's street, corner of Water street now occupied by Mr Daniel Fink a grocery store. The house is new brick front and sided in with brick; two rooms with 12 paces in the first story; two in the second, with garret, cellar and cellar kitchen all in the best order and condition—ground rent 350 per annum. The house is 26 by 56—terms at the time of sale.

Also, 135 acres land, being the southern part of a tract called Durham, situate in Townships township, in the county of Northampton, in the state of Pennsylvania.

Also one other tract of Land containing 10 acres and 7-9 of an acre, in the county of Luzerne, in the State aforesaid.

CHANCERY SALE.

Thomas Demarest and Daniel Hutter—vs—William Todd and others.

At 1 o'clock in the Tontine Coffee house, in House and Lot of Ground No. 5 Grand street, known by Lot No. — on a map of the property of the late Mr. Cannon in the 7th ward. The house is two stories high and brick front. For particulars, see the notice of P. G. Hildred, Esq. Master in Chancery, published in the Columbian.

PRIVATE SALE.

1 case silver watches, all shawls, and ribbons, to be sold cheap if immediate application.

Also, a large bell metal mortar 72 lb. with iron pestle.

1 set superb chimney ornaments, of the newest Parisian fashion, and richest French china.

WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business. Apply at this Office

WANTED

A number of young Ladies to set Fringe for Paris at M. Rabbeaux No 49 Maiden Lane

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE,

FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this Office

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C HARRISON

NO. 3 FICK-SLIP.

THREE ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER AN

the prostrate wretch, in scarce articulate accents, 'and I will confess.' The attending guards raising and supporting him, he thus began: 'The night having been uncommonly stormy, I arose at dawn of day, and went to the dungeon of my prisoner; on entering I spoke, but no one answered. I called aloud, but still received no reply; surprised, I quitted the cell, as it was yet too dark to discover any object therein; fearing he might be ill, I quickly returned with a lamp, and went to the niche which contained the straw, and where he generally reposed; he was not there. I stood terrified and amazed; how could he escape? I knew I had on the preceding day carefully fastened the door; I took up the lamp, and searching round the dungeon, perceived a large opening and a flight of steps; I instantly descended, and found myself in a narrow passage, which, after pursuing some time its various intricacies, brought me into open air not far from the sea side.

To be continued,

VARIETY.

The truth of Pope's maxim that 'whatever is, is right,' was warmly contested the other day between an Englishman and an Irishman; which being given against Pat, he shrewdly remarked, 'then by J—s, you have nothing to do but to scratch the word 'wrong' out of the Dictionary.'

The young people of the present age have in general the wisdom to repress those romantic feelings which used to triumph over ambition and avarice, and have adopted the prudent maxims of maturer life. Marriage is now founded on the solid basis of convenience, and love is an article commonly omitted in the treaty.

There are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

A gentleman, in passing the shop of a Mr. Taswell, observed, that his name would be as well without a T.

CHARACTER OF WOMEN.

BY A LEARNED PRELATE.

BISHOP Aylmer, in preaching before queen Elizabeth and her court, told his audience, that 'Women are of two sorts, some of them are wiser, better learned, discreeter, and more constant than a number of men—but another and worse sort of them, and the most part, are fond, foolish, wanton slobberghs, tattlers, triflers, wavering, witless, without counsel, feeble, careless, rash, proud, dainty, nice, tale bearers, eyes-droppers, rumour raisers, evil-tongued, and worse minded!'

A SINGULAR DECREE.

Aulus Gellius, in his 'Attic Nights,' book xii. chap 7, borrows the following story from Valerius Maximus, chap xiv. book 8. A lady of Smyrna enraged at her husband and son, for having put to death a son of hers, by a former marriage, a youth of great promise; poisoned both the murderers. The lady was convicted of the crime, and pleaded her cause as well as she could. Cn. Dolabella (who was Pro consul in Asia, and before whom the cause was brought), unwilling to acquit a woman of two crimes, which she had fully confessed, and at the same time loath to condemn a mother who avenged the murder of her son, transmitted the decision to the court of Areopagus. The judges, sympathising with the embarrassment of Dolabella, decreed, that 'The prosecutor and the culprit should appear before them again at the end of one hundred years, and the judgment should be passed on the criminal.

From the N. H. Gazette.

Is there no refuge but the grave,
For sorrow, want or pain?
Must we all dread of future brave
And only here lost peace regain?

Have we lost a FATHER! BROTHER!
From us, alas! forever torn;
Far from a tender SISTER, MOTHER,
Do we the seperation mourn?

Do Friends forsake and foes assail us?
Is no kind hand stretched out to save?
Alas! can nothing then avail us,
But seeking refuge in the grave?

Does base, betraying man deceive you,
And hopeless love destroy your bloom,
Is there nought that can relieve you,
Save the cold and silent tomb?

Yes—there is a balm for sorrow—
A healing balm! for every grief—
'Tis lent to all—and all that borrow,
Will find a sure and sweet relief.

Where shall I find this heavenly balm!
Ye angels tell me where!
That can the raging passion's calm,
And keep me from despair

RELIGION seek! her power controuling
All baneful passions that arise—
With mildness every grief consoling,
Even tears of keen contrition dry.

J. W. S.

VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

On being asked, why I had on a particular occasion, eyed her so attentively.

When evening gleams with summer radiance bright,
And heaven's wide concave flames with dazzling light,
Ask why you peasant marks with raptur'd gaze,
The setting glories of the solar blaze?
Or why to heaven ascends the pensive eye,
When night's pale orb illumines the cloudless sky,
And the lone shepherd on his silent hill
Pauses to trace her semblance in the rill?
O'er natures form in vernal livery dight,
Why roves the eye in ever new delight,
The hawthorn hedge, the flower enamell'd vale,
The rose dew-moistered, or the primrose pale?
Say why 'tis thine, O beauty! to controul
The gaze of rapture, and to chain the soul
Say then, if these can boast the power to bind
Th' unsated eye, and fix the fettered mind—
Say, is it wondrous that thy beauty's blaze
Should fix for ever my delugated gaze?

LEDANUS.

THE COUNCIL OF BAKERS.

At a counsel assembled, the bakers sat down,
And swore by the leaven, they'd starve the whole town:
Not a loaf would they sell under double the price—
And the city must famish or feed upon rice,
One got up in a passion and swore from that hour,
No damn him if ever he'd mix any flour;
An Irishman passing and hearing what's said,
Cried, give me potatoes—damn you and your bread.
St. Patrick. God bless him, when he invented potatoes,
Knew if they were to be baked how the baker would treat us;
So very judicious, and in order to foil them,
Says he. Paddy my son, you have have only to boil them.

PAT.

LOVE

The shaken tree grows faster at the root—
And love grows firmer for some blasts of doubt.

AN ALLEGORY.

I have often felt pleasure at observing the embarrassment of an ingenious youth, when first ushered into company. The blush, which is esteemed by the polite world as the mark of a *booby*, I have ever considered as the best band which a youth can give to society for his continuance in the paths of virtue and modesty, and has been to me not the least mark of merit. The following allegory may perhaps illustrate this remark.

Youth, Virtue, and Modesty set out upon a journey, Pleased with each, for a while the road was pleasant, and the company delightful: in the morning, the lark's song awoke them to joy, and the evening star lighted them to undisturbed repose. Thus they travelled: when Youth stumbled, Modesty immediately beckoned to Virtue, and Virtue immediately came to his relief. In process of time, Experienced Impudence and Vice, overtook them; Modesty kept Youth back, and Virtue warned him to beware of their company; but Impudence was not thus to be shaken off. When Youth stumbled he ran to his relief; and Experience whispered in his ear, that Impudence was a speedier assistant than Modesty, Modesty, perceiving that her presence was troublesome, retired in disgust; and Virtue, the friend of Modesty, soon followed her example. Vice, the associate of Impudence, stepped forward to supply the place of Virtue, assumed the name, and Impudence swore to the reality. Youth, heedless and unsuspecting, perceived not the deceit, till Old Age and Remorse stopped his career, and led him a captive to the cave of Despair.

MEINWERK, BISHOP OF PADERBORN.

DURING the reign of Henry II. who was elected Emperor of Germany, upon the death of Otto IV. and swayed the imperial sceptre from 1004 to 1024, the German clergy, enriched and emboldened by the blind devotion of his bigoted prince to their interests, began to assume an authority, even paramount to his own, over the temporal affairs of the empire; and much so, that their friendship was as eagerly courted as their displeasure was dreaded by every prince in Germany. An historian of the eleventh century writes of Meinwerk, Bishop of Paderborn, 'that there was no meanness to which he did not descend, in order to enrich his diocese, and that whenever the emperor, refused to grant him what he demanded, he forcibly possessed himself of the object of his desire. The emperor, being once on a visit to him, Meinwerk caused all the ewes, big with young, that could be found on his estates, to be killed; and a mantle made of the skins of the unborn lambs, with which he decked the emperor on his return from the bath. Henry, however, desired to have a better mantle, upon which the bishop replied, 'I have stripped my poor bishopric, its clergy, and its farmers who derived their livelihood from their sheep, in order to clothe thee, and God will chastise thee if thou do not make good the loss.' The emperor smiled, and shortly afterwards stowed on him the valuable estate of Stein.

Henry having once sent the bishop a costly vessel for his inspection, Meinwerk immediately caused it to be melted down, and converted into a cup, which he consecrated on the altar—When the emperor reproached him with the theft, he answered, 'I have been guilty of no theft, but have piously consecrated to the service of God, that which was dedicated to thy avarice and pride, and if thou dar'st to away this offering of my piety, thou wilt ensure thy own damnation.'

On another occasion, Meinwerk stole a costly vessel out of the emperor's chamber, and answered his reproaches by saying, 'It is fatter that this garment should be kept in the temple of God, and adorn a mortal body: as for thy threats I despise them.'

FASHIONABLE conversation is not very extensive, it goes on rapidly for a while in a certain round of topics, and reminds us of our street musicians, by turning a screw, produce a set of tunes, and hand organ; but when they have gone through a limited number, the instrument will be no more, and the performer hastens to a distant street, where the same sounds may be repeated to a new set of auditors.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MARCH 23, 1811.

A HORRID MURDER.

to the Editor of the Norfolk Herald.

It is my unfortunate lot to communicate to you the most horrid murder perhaps that was committed in the United States. On Saturday the 2d March (inst) at the request of Mrs. Connelly of Currituck county, N. C. viz. James Connelly, and daughter of Col. Williams of the same place, I carried her house of Caleb Etheridge, sheriff of the county, who had sent her a message on the 21st before to come and see him relative to some property she had bid off at a sheriff's sale in September 1809, and which the prisoner William Etheridge, forbid her to buy; in consequence of which she was under the necessity of using William Etheridge for property, in which suit she recovered a judgment the same at last Sept. of the Superior Court, and now the sheriff wished her to come and see something about receiving the property. I took her in my chair accordingly to the sheriff's house, and by this William Etheridge's house which was 80 or 100 yards from his house, a person modestly as we passed by William Etheridge, he and Mr. Hillary Bell, clerk with us towards Wm. Etheridge's, & came together requested Mrs. Connelly to go to Wm. Etheridge's gate, and he would bid the property bid off, and afterwards recover it to her; but said at the same time, "I would see a prospect of a compromise in Wm. Etheridge's house," he would send down to the gate for the property. We stopped at the gate accordingly, and in a few minutes Mr. Hillary Bell came down and Mrs. Connelly that Mr. Wm. Etheridge desired her to come up to the house, and that he was willing to deliver the property, and that he did not request me to come, and she went up to Mr. Bell, and I remained at the chair. There were a pair of draw bars about 12 or 15 feet from Wm. Etheridge's door, so that Mrs. Connelly went up to the bars; after standing a minute or two, Wm. Etheridge came to his house with two guns; one under his arm and the other in his right hand; he stepped over the fence and jumped over; and she discharging the guns ran towards me, but he very suddenly headed her, and discharged the one in her right hand at her as she ran, but she not falling, he raised the other; instantly the sheriff rushed towards him and he pointed at the sheriff, wheeled round and pursued the woman, and discharged the contents at her back when within a few feet of her, while she was running and falling; the shot entered between her shoulder and lodged in her breast, and she instantly fell on her face, I believe in an instant, for the mean time, when I saw the first gun fired, I buttoned my great coat, took a pistol out of my pocket, and when she received the second shot I went to her in 20 or 30 seconds, and she was dead as she is now. He, as soon as he perceived this dreadful deed ran off; the sheriff pursuing him to the fence, where he jumped over and ran into the swamp, carrying the left gun which he fired with him, and has escaped. I should think an event equally cruel and barbarous with this transpired in the world. The laws of God profaned in the most impious manner—he the laws of society most outrageously violated—and the laws of hospitality not only most cruelly denied to a woman but made the cowardly decoy to take her life—"She who spotless stood before both God and man, and never in word or deed offended."

There will be a considerable private reward given for his apprehension, which is not yet ready for advertisement.

LEONARD MARTIN.

Currituck county, March 5, 1811.

There is now living in Preston, (Conn.) a gentleman named Isaac Herrick, who is in the 93d year of his age, and who can read the smallest print without spectacles. He has now living two sisters, one of which is 91, and the other 87; and three brothers, who are upwards of 80 years of age each. He has had 11 children 90 grand children, and 100 great grand children. He is now enjoying a remarkable degree of health, and able to walk three miles to meeting on Sunday, which he generally attends.

In the garden of Mr. Rothwell of Harbury, there is a great natural curiosity; a jargonelle pear tree, of the species commonly distinguished by the name of the black pippin, in full blossom for the fourth time this year, no less than three separate crops of fruit, viz. at Spring, Midsummer and Autumn.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLEN out of the Library of the Subscriber on Tuesday evening, an old Trunk with a brown cover, containing about two thousand seven hundred dollars in bank notes, and sundry papers of consequence to the subscriber and perhaps to the public. Amongst the notes were one of the Bank of North America, one of the Maryland Bank, and one of the Bank of the U. States, of one hundred dollars each, which had been cut in two and afterwards pasted together. The above reward will be given to whoever will return the said trunk and its contents, or give such information as may lead to a conviction of the felon, and a suitable reward will be given for the recovery of the papers only.

D. FRASER, 178 William street.

NEW AND INCREASING CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

CHARLES N. BALDWIN,

Having opened a Circulating Library at No. 2 Chatham Square, adjoining the New Watch House; so that the assistance of the Ladies and Gentlemen of this city, hoping to give general satisfaction by procuring every new work of merit as soon as published.

The collection at present contains near one thousand volumes, in almost every class of literature, which tends "to raise the genius and to mend the heart," and may be had on the following moderate terms.

Per Annum	dols.	5	00
Per Six Months		3	00
Per Quarter		2	00
Per Month			75
Per single volume (octavo)		12	1-2
Per do (duodecimo)		6	

Payable half in advance.

N. B. On the first of May next, the Library will be removed to No. 106 Chatham street, opposite Rosevelt street.

HUTCHINSON'S improved and WOOD'S Almanacks for 1811 by the grocer dozen or single one

COURT OF HYMEN.

MARRIED,

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Milledoler Mr. Joseph Webb to Miss Elizabeth Ann Hart, both of this city.

Connubial bliss await the matchless pair,
For virtuous hearts is Heaven's peculiar care,
At Hymen's altar and the court of Love
They were united and by Heaven approved.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Leonard A. Bleecker, to Miss Sarah E. Popham, daughter of William Popham Esq. of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. McNiece Mr. John McKibbin, to Miss Susannah Duff, both of this city.

On Wednesday evening last by the Rev. Mr. Lyell Mr. Abram Lawrence to Miss Hester Hearn, both of this city.

At Newtown, Long Island on Wednesday evening the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Schoonmaker, Mr. Thomas Moore, to Miss Sarah Luyster, daughter of Mr. Cornelius Luyster all of that place.

' Grave authors say, and witty poets sing,
That honest wedlock is a glorious thing,
But depth of judgment most in him appears,
Who wisely weds in his maturer years.'

Sailed lately from Ellington, Conn. on a matrimonial voyage to the frozen ocean. Mr. James M. Kenney aged 79, in company with Mrs. Deborah Kibbe aged 68. In this affair there arises what lawyers would call a moot question, viz. Whether this voyage can be considered such a breach of NON-INTERCOURSE, as that an action would lie for SMUGGLING?

At Fairfield Conn.—On the 19th inst. Mr. David E. ly, Jun. of the house of Stephens & Ely merchant, of this city, to Miss Priscilla Sturges, daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Sturges, of the former place.

MORTALITY.

DIED,

On Monday last, Mr. Charles Apthorp Williamson Student at Law, son of Dr. Hugh Williamson aged 21 years.

On Thursday morning of a painful illness Mrs. Ellen Stanton wife of Captain Robert Stanton in the 36th year of her age.

In Preston Conn.—Prudence Geer, aged 101 and 10 months.

In West-Haven Conn.—Widow Benham, aged 97.

In Somerset county, N. J. John Bush aged 93—he had lived with his wife 62 years and his surviving posterity 85.

At Rehoboth—Jeremiah Cheeler aged 80.

A CARD

Richard Dusean requests the editors of papers in New York who have published the marriage of his daughter to Peter R. Livingston Jun Esq. to contradict the same—the report is unfounded.

Hermitage (near Schenectady) March 18

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TINCTURE, FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS. FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen Rags at this Office.

WANTED

A number of young Ladies to ret Fringe for Parasols at M. Rabbeson's No 49 Maiden Lane.

COURT OF APOLLO.

MARCH. — AN ODE.

LO! with never wearied pace,
Yonder swift revolving sun,
Now his destin'd annual race
Through the wintry signs has run.

Snows that whiten'd o'er the land
Melt before the approaching ray—
Winter bids his grisly band
Onward hold their wonted way.

Lo! the hidden winds arise,
Prompt to clear the ambient air,
And the brightening azure skies,
Far the summer beams prepare.

Sometimes with resistless sway
O'er the lands and seas they sweep—
Sometimes soft in gentle play
Fan the bosom of the deep

Earlier from the glowing east
Now the ruddy streaks appear,
Till the sun in Aries plac'd,
Weights in equal scales the year.

Flora's earliest gifts the Spring
From her infant bosom pours.
Till maturer months shall bring
Summer Suns and May born flowers.

Through e'en now in sultry Ind,
Nature boasts her rich attire,
Though in every month she find
Still renew'd the summer's fire.

Here the season's still prevail,
Sweetly vary'd as they rise—
Autumn, winter still we hail,
Vernal sums or summer skies.

March, we welcome then thy reign,
While the early shoots appear,
Destin'd in fair Ceres' train,
To enrich the ripen'd year.

FOOTE AND QUIN.

AS Quin and Foote
One day walk'd out
To view the country round,
In merry mood
They chatting stood
Hard by the village pound.

Foote from his poke
A shilling took,
And said I'll bet a penny
In a short pace
Within the place,
I'll make this piece a guinea.

Upon the ground
Within the pound,
The shilling soon was thrown—
Behold, says Foote,
The thing's made out.
For there is one pound one.

I wonder not
Says Quin, that thought
Should in your head be found,
Since that's the way
Your debts you pay—
One stilling in the pound.

A man without merit, may live without envy; but
who would wish to escape on these terms?
Live so as to hold yourself prepared either for a
long life or a short one.

EDWARD ROCKWELL,

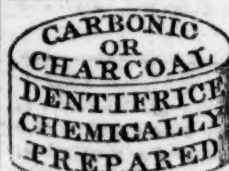
No. 200 Broadway.

Respectfully informs his friends and customers
that he makes and has for sale a large assortment of
fashionable gold Ear-rings some plain, fine gold pearl
and filigree some with cornelian and pearl, Topaz &
pearl with hair do. drops do. with cornelian, topaz
and pearl of the newest patterns a large assortment of
pearl and plain breast pins, broaches bracelets and
necklaces pearl and plain Finger Rings, Miniature
Settings, lockets, watch chains, keys and seals, ele-
gant silver tea sets, soup ladles, table desert and
tea spoons sugar tongs salt spoons silver snuff boxes,
cigar cases, corals and bells and pencil cases.

He has also fashionable plated silver gadroon
edge candlesticks and branches, brackets and cham-
ber candlesticks, do snuffers and trays with silver
gadroons and shells liquor frames, bread baskets
with silver gadroon and shells, fruit baskets ditto
cruet and soy frames, cruet frames with rich cut
glass of 6 7 and 8 bottles, with silver gadroon
shells and feet, bottle stands, soup ladles, low priced
candlesticks and castors.

Morocco pocket books, snuff boxes, tortoise shell,
pearl and tutania segar boxes, silver, gilt, plated and
steel spectacles, pen and sportsman's knives, razors,
and cases, scissors tooth brushes, shuttles, bodkins
hooks and eyes, cornelian coral amber, pearl and
gilt beads, table knives and forks Steel and Carver's
Britannia tea pots, tortoise shell and ivory combs and
a variety of articles appropriate to his line of busi-
ness which are too numerous to mention which he
will sell at the lowest prices.

Feb 23



JUST RECEIVED

Large and elegant as-
sortment of Neplus ultra
Razors, with three blade,
also, magnum bonum and
refined steel of a fine qual-
ity? gentlemen's portable
shaving cases, and ladies
and gentlemen's japanned
dressing Cases of different sizes for sale by Nathaniel
Smith Chymical Perfumer from London, at the
Golden Rose No 150 Broadway corner of Liberty
Street.

Also the following articles as usual, with many
other too numerous to mention Rose oil Antique for
curling glossing thickening and preserving the hair
and preventing its turning—chymical cosmetic wash
balls his fine cosmetic cold cream clears and pre-
vents the skin from chapping, odour of roses for smell-
ing bottles Smiths improved chymical milk of roses
Smiths pomane de Grasse for thickening the hair, violet
soap Smiths tooth paste warranted his superfine
white hair powder violet rose 3s 6d Smiths royal
paste for washing the skin Smiths highly improved
hard and soft pomatum Smiths balsamic lip salve
Koses Smiths lotion for the teeth his purified a'pine
shaving cake, made on chymical principle to help the
operation of shaving Smiths celebrated corn plaster
elastic worsted and cotton Garters, salt of lemon for
taking out iron molds ladies and gentlemen's pocket
books the best warranted concave razors elastic razor
strops shaving boxes Penknives scissors tortoise shell
ivory and horn combs smelling bottles &c &c
allowances to those who buy to sell again Tooth
Powder and opiate black pins tooth and cloth brushes
vegetable rouge and pearl cosmetic lavender colouge
honey hungary rose Jessamin Eau de miel and eau
fave water shaving powder—corn plaster, &c.
☞ Merchants supplied wholesale for exportation.

New Novels &c. for sale at this Office

Scottish Chiefs
Dominican
Celebs in search of a Wife
Adeline Mowbray
Bravo of Venice
Leonora
Ella Rosenburgh
Soldiers Love and Sailors Friendship
Suzette 2 vol.
Modern Ship of Fools, &c.

ALSO

Just received a neat pocket Edition of Youngs
Night Thoughts, price 75 cents.

SALES AT AUCTION

BY ROBERT M. MENNOMY & CO
No. 120 Water street.

This evening at half past 5 o'clock, a Valuable
collection of Books, of Law, Divinity, History
&c, Novels &c

N. B. There will be Sales of Books on
Saturday Evening, through the season
Catalogues on the day of sale.

Monday, 25th March.

At 1 o'clock in the Tontine Coffee house
years of a lease from 1st May 1811, of the
house and lot at the foot of Jay's street corner of
street, now occupied by Mr Daniel Fair-
grocery store. The house is new brick
and filled in with brick; two rooms w-
paces in the first story; two in the second
garret, cellar and cellar kitchen all in the
order and condition—ground rent 55/- per
The house is 26 by 56—terms at the
sale.

Also, 135 acres land, being the southern
of a tract called Derham, situate in Towam-
township, in the county of Northampton,
state of Pennsylvania.

Also one other tract of Land containing
acres and 7-9 of an acre, in the county of
zernie, in the state aforesaid.

Also, 2 Farms or tracts of Land, one of
contains 252 acres, the other 244 acres, be-
sute on the Hackawana river, in the coun-
Luzerne, and state of Pennsylvania.
cash—title indisputable.

Monday April 1.

1 o'clock at the P. C. H. a valuable farm
Long Island, beautifully situated on the
river, opposite Backwell's Island about
from the city, containing about 100 ac-
great proportion of which is well timbered
locust, chestnut, &c. It produces annually
30 tons of hay. There are on the pre-
good substantial house, barn and other out-
s, a stone dock, stone quarry, &c. a
quantity of fruit of the best kind, and 24
ragus beds—a further description is not ne-
ry. Any person who wishes to purchase
view the farm by applying to Joseph Tontine
the premises.

PRIVATE SALE.

14 years lease of Lot No. 395 Broadway
the house and shop thereon, each 25 by 30
two stories high; the second floor of the
in front, has two fire places, rooms, 1 bed-
and pan ry, and 2 bed rooms in the garret
every convenience for the coachman king ba-
or could be made a good store with 10
pence. For further particulars enquire
Chamber street, opposite the Arms house
the auction room

Also, a large bell metal mortar 72 lb.
iron pestle.

WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business
Apply at this Office

NEW-YORK,

PUBLISHED BY C HARRISON

NO. 3 FEEK-SLIP.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM